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REMARKS on the WONDERFUL CONSTRUCTION of the E Y E.

THE eye infinitely surpasses all the works of the industry of man. Its formation is the most astonishing thing the human understanding has been able to acquire a perfect knowledge of. The most skilful artist could imagine no machine of that kind which would not be much inferior to what we observe in the eye. Whatever sagacity or industry he might have, he could execute nothing which would not have the imperfections necessarily belonging to all the works of man. We cannot, it is true, perceive clearly the whole art of divine wisdom in the formation of this fine organ; but the little we do know is sufficient to convince us of the infinite wisdom, goodness, and power of our Creator. The most essential point is for us to make use of this knowledge, weak as it is, to magnify the name of the Most High.

In the first place, the disposition of the external parts of the eye is admirable. With what intrenchment, what defence, the Creator has provided our eyes! They are placed in the head at a certain depth, and surrounded with hard and solid bones, that they may not easily be hurt. The eye-brows contribute also very much to the safety and preservation of this organ. Those hairs which form an arch over the eyes, prevent drops of sweat, dust, or such things, falling from the forehead into them. The eye-lids are another security; and also, by closing in our sleep, they prevent the light from disturbing our rest. The eye-lashes still add to the perfection of the eyes. They save us from a too strong light, which might offend us; and they guard us from the smallest dust, which might otherwise hurt the sight. The internal make of the eye is still more admirable. The whole eye is composed of coats, of humours, of muscles, and veins. The tunica, or exterior membrane, which is called *cornea*, is transparent, and so hard, that it can resist the roughest shocks. Behind that there is another within, which they call *uvea*, and which is circular and coloured. In the middle of it there is an opening, which is called the *pupil*, and which appears black. Behind this opening is the *crystal*, which is

perfectly transparent, of a lenticular figure, and composed of several little flakes very thin, and arranged one over another. Underneath the crystal there is a moist and transparent substance, which they call the *glassy humour*, because it resembles melted glass. The cavity, or the hinder chamber, between the cornea and the crystal, contains a moist humour, and liquid as water, for that reason called the *watery humour*. It can recruit itself when it has run out from a wound of the cornea. Six muscles, admirably well placed, move the eye on all sides, raise it, lower it, turn it to the right or left, obliquely, or round about, as occasion requires. What is most admirable is the *retina*, a membrane which lines the inside bottom of the eye. It is nothing but a web of little fibres extremely fine, fastened to a nerve or sinew, which comes from the brain, and is called the *optic nerve*. It is in the retina, that the vision is formed, because the objects paint themselves at the bottom of the eye on that tunica: and, though the images of exterior objects are painted upside down on the retina, they are still seen in their true position. Now, in order to form an idea of the extreme minuteness of this picture we need only consider, that the space of half a mile that is to say, of more than eleven hundred yards, when it is represented in the bottom of the eye, makes but the tenth part of an inch.

I return thee thanks, O Lord God, for having formed my eye in so wonderful a manner. My soul acknowledges thy infinite power, goodness, and wisdom. Hitherto I had not considered my eyes as I should have done, that is, as a master-piece of thy hands, and as a demonstrative proof, that even the most minute parts of my body are not the work of chance, and that thou hast formed them for most useful purposes.---
Surely I am a faint image and likeness of THYSELF.

MAXIM.

THE same energy of mind which urges to the noblest heights of benevolence, and assists towards the sublimest attainments of genius, may also, if not properly directed, hurry us on to the wildest extravagances of passion, and betray into impetuosity and folly.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INDULGING THE PASSIONS,
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF M. DE LA PALINIÈRE.

Translated from the French.

(Continued from page 11.)

GOD of mercies! cried I, into what a frightful abyss have my passions plunged me. Had I subdued jealousy, had I overcome my natural impetuosity, my idleness and inclination for play, I should have enjoyed a considerable fortune; should not have borne the inward and dreadful reproach of effecting the death of a worthy young man, nor of being the primary cause of the sacrifice which his unhappy mistress will make to-morrow; I should have been the delight of a benefactor, an Uncle, who at present justly thinks me ungrateful and incorrigible; and should not cowardly, at five-and-twenty, have renounced the duty of serving my King and country. Far from being an object of contempt and public censure, I should have been universally beloved, and, in possession of the gentlest, most charming, and most virtuous of women, should have had the most faithful and amiable of friends, and moreover should have been a father! Wretch, of what inestimable treasures hast thou deprived thyself! Now thou mayest wander, for ever, lonely and desolate over the peopled earth! So saying, I cast my despairing eyes around, terrified as it were at my own comfortless and solitary situation.

Buried in these reflections, my attention was roused by the sound of hasty footsteps upon the stairs. My door suddenly opened, a man appeared and ran towards me; I rose instinctively, advanced, and in an instant found myself in the arms of Sinclair!

While he pressed me to his bosom I could not restrain my tears; his flowed plentifully. A thousand contending emotions were struggling in my heart; but excessive confusion and shame were most prevalent, and kept me silent.

I was at the farther part of Poitou, my friend, said Sinclair, and knew not till lately, how necessary the consolations of friendship were become; besides, I wanted six months for my own affairs, that I might afterward devote myself to you. I am just come from Fontainebleau, have obtained leave of absence, and you may now dispose of me as you please.

Oh Sinclair! cried I, unworthy the title of your friend, I no longer deserve, no more can enjoy the precious consolations which friendship so pure thus generously offers: I am past help, past hope.

Not so, said he, again embracing me; I know thy heart, thy native sensibility and noble mind: had I nothing but compassion to offer, certain I could not comfort, I should have wept for and assisted thee in secret; but thou wouldst not have seen me here. No; friendship inspires and brings me hither, with a happy assurance I shall soften thy anguish.

Sinclair's discourse not only awakened the most lively gratitude, but raised me in my own esteem. In giving me back his friendship, he gave me hopes of myself. I immediately opened my whole heart to him, and found a satisfaction of which I had long been deprived, that of speaking without disguise of all my faults, and all

by my tears; and Sinclair, after hearing me with as much attention as tenderness, raised his eyes to heaven and gave a deep sigh.

Of what use said he, are wit, sensibility of soul, or virtuous dispositions, without those solid, those invariable principles which education or experience alone can give! He who has never profited by the lessons of others, can never grow wise but at his own expense, and is only to be taught by his errors and misfortunes.

Sinclair then conjured me to leave Paris for a time, and travel; adding that he would go with me, and pressed me to depart without delay for Italy. I give myself up entirely to your guidance, said I; dispose of a wretch who without your aid must sink beneath his load of misery. Profiting accordingly by the temper in which he found me, he made me give my word to set off in two days. The evening before my departure, I wished once more to revisit the place where I had first beheld my Julia. It was in the gardens of the Palais-Royal; but, ashamed of appearing in public, I waited till it was dark. There was music there that evening, and a great concourse of people; so hiding myself in the most obscure part of the great alley, I sat down behind a large tree.

I had not sat long, before two men came and placed themselves on the other side of the tree. I instantly knew one of them, by the sound of his voice, to be Dainval, a young coxcomb, without wit, breeding, or principles; joining to ridiculous affectation of perpetual irony, a pretension to think philosophically; laughing at every thing; deciding with self-sufficiency; at once pedantic and superficial; speaking with contempt of the best men and the most virtuous actions; and believing himself profound by calumniating goodness.

Such was Dainval, a man whom I had believed my friend till the moment of my ruin, and whose pernicious example and advice I had too often followed. I was going to rise and remove, when the sound of my own name awakened my curiosity, and I heard the following dialogue began by Dainval:

"Oh yes, it is very certain he sets off to-morrow morning with Sinclair for Italy."

"How! is he reconciled to Sinclair?"

"The best friends on earth! Generosity on one side, repentance on the other; mutual tenderness, tears, and tortures; prayers, pardons, and pacifications. The scene was truly pathetic."

"So there is not a word of truth in all the late town talk?"

"What, of their being rivals? Why should you think so?"

"Why, how is it possible that Sinclair should be so interested about a man he had betrayed?"

"Ha! ha!——I do not pique myself much for finding reasons for other men's actions, though I do a little for the faculty of seeing things as they are. Sinclair, still fond of Julia, would reconcile her to her husband, in order to get her out of a convent again. The thing is evident enough."

"But wherefore then go to Italy?"

"To give the town time to forget the history of the picture and the pocket book."

The melancholy tale was often interrupted

"And yet there are many people who pretend the pocket-book was Belinda's."

"A fable invented at leisure! The fact is, poor La Paliniere knew well enough, previous to that discovery, how matters went, and had told what he knew above a year before to whoever would listen."

"Is he amiable, pray? What sort of a man is he?"

"Who? La Paliniere!—A poor creature! talents excessively confined; half stupid; no imagination; no resource; no character. At his first coming into life he threw himself in my way, and I took him under my tuition; but I soon saw it was labour in vain; could never make any figure; a head ill turned; Gothic notions; trifling views; scarce common sense; a Prodigal that gaped with confusion at the sight of a Creditor: a Gamester, that prided himself on generosity and greatness of soul with a dice-box in his hand; any man's dupe; ruining himself without enjoyment, and without eclat."

"Have you seen him since his clash?"

"No; but I have burnt all our accounts; he'll never hear of them more."

"Did he owe you many play-debts?"

"Numberless. I have destroyed his notes; not that I brag of such things, nor should I mention this to any body else, 'Tis a thing of course you know with a man of spirit; though I would not have you speak of it."

I could contain myself no longer at this last falsehood. Liar! cried I, behold me ready to pay all I owe you; retire from this place, and I hope to acquit myself.

"Faith, said Dainval, with a forced smile, I did not expect you just now, I must confess. As to your cut-throat proposal, it is natural enough for you; you have nothing to lose, but I must take another year to complete my ruin: therefore, when you return from Italy, or thereabouts, why we shall fight on equal terms."

So saying, he ran off without waiting for a reply, and left me with too much contempt for his cowardice to think of pursuit.

This then is the man, said I to myself, whom I once thought amiable, by whose councils I have been often guided! What a depth of depravity! What a vile and corrupted heart! Oh how hideous is vice when seen without a veil! It never seduces but when concealed; and having ever a greater proportion of impudence than of artifice, it soon or late will break the brittle mask with which its true face is covered.

This last adventure furnished me with more than one subject for reflection; it taught me how carefully those who prize their reputation, ought to avoid making themselves the topic of public conversation, in which the sarcasms of scandal are always most prevalent. The malicious add and invent, and the foolish and the idle hear and repeat; truth is obscured, and the deceived public condemn without appeal.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE THREE CORNERED HAT.

AMONG the many things invented by man for his use, none perhaps is more ridiculous than the *three cornered hat* at present used by some persons. That it affords but an inconsiderable shelter for the head, is a truth scarcely to be denied; and that the face of him who wears it remains exposed to the piercing rays of the sun, is equally true. If our ancestors deemed it a convenience to wear the hats in question, experience teaches us at the present day, their great inutility: And shall we then willingly smile on those customs which (tho' formerly practised) proves at present highly injurious? No; Let us consult our own feelings, and not the habits of former times.—Common sense points out their inconsistency, and reason mocks the stupidity of him who madly submits to be ruled by custom, that tyrant of the human mind, to whose government three-fourths of this creation foolishly subscribe their assent. Again, the weight which is comprised in a hat of that size, is a sufficient argument for their abolition. Wherein then can the utility of such an unwieldy machine consist? Is not the round hat more becoming? And does it not finally prove to the head by far the best covering? The contrary cannot be urged unless through prejudice or selfishness. That it looks respectable and sacred, may be urged in favour of it; to this I reply, that if to be *impudent*, constitutes either of those characters, the *three cornered hat* has the great good fortune to be superior to the other. It may be further advanced in its favour, that by letting down its brims it will answer the purpose of an *umbrella* in a hot summer's day: true that for size it may, but where is the person that would not rather make use of the real than the fictitious machine? Why was the pains taken for the invention of an umbrella, if the hat could be made to answer the same views? Was it not because the hat attracting the rays of the sun, was found to be injurious to the eyes, and therefore recourse was had to a machine which proved not only a shelter from the sun, but to the eyes far more beneficial. To conclude, nothing but a *false pride*, and a desire to be *conspicuous*, could ever induce a person thus inconsistently to use that which will finally prove his folly.

TYRUNCULUS.

NEW-YORK, July 7, 1796.

A SPEAKING STATUE.

LAUGINGEN, a city of Germany, is famous for the birth of Albert the Great, who made a statue, with such admirable clockwork, that it could walk, move its tongue, and speak distinctly.

It one day happened that Thomas d'Aquinas, disciple of Albert, having entered the chamber where this statue was left alone, the statue advanced towards him, and spoke to him before he was aware. Thomas was so frightened at this, that he struck it several times, and broke to pieces this admirable work, which had cost Albert thirty years labour.

To the EDITOR of the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE inclosed Account I transmit to you for publication, at the particular request of a friend, who is well acquainted with the circumstances that gave rise to it.—It is drawn up by a female hand, and she here relates respecting Mr. Y—— what she knew of him herself, and what she had heard of him in her father's family, where he had been an occasional visitor; as I have no reason to believe that this transaction has ever appeared in print, you will be pleased to give it a place among your original compositions.

ANNA.

NEW-YORK, May 17, 1796.

AN ACCOUNT

OF A MURDER COMMITTED BY MR. J—— Y——, UPON
HIS FAMILY, IN DECEMBER, A. D. 1781.

THE unfortunate subject of my present essay, belonged to one of the most respectable families in this state; he resided a few miles from Tomhanick, and though he was not in the most affluent circumstances, he maintained his family (which consisted of a wife and four children,) very comfortably.—From the natural gentleness of his disposition, his industry, sobriety, probity and kindness, his neighbours universally esteemed him, and until the fatal night when he perpetrated the cruel act, none saw cause of blame in him.

In the afternoon preceding that night, as it was Sunday and there was no church near, several of his neighbours with their wives came to his house for the purpose of reading the scripture and singing psalms; he received them cordially, and when they were going to return home in the evening, he pressed his sister and her husband, who came with the others, to stay longer; at his very earnest solicitation they remained until near nine o'clock, during which time his conversation was grave as usual, but interesting and affectionate: to his wife, of whom he was very fond, he made use of more than commonly endearing expressions, and caressed his little ones alternately:—he spoke much of his domestic felicity, and informed his sister, that to render his wife more happy, he intended to take her to New-Hampshire the next day; “I have just been refitting my sleigh,” said he, “and we will set off by day-break.”—After singing another hymn, Mr. and Mrs. J——n departed.

“They had no sooner left us (said he upon his examination) than taking my wife upon my lap, I opened the Bible to read to her—my two boys were in bed—one five years old, the other seven;—my daughter Rebecca, about eleven, was sitting by the fire, and my infant aged about six months, was slumbering at her mother's bosom.—Instantly a new light shone into the room, and upon looking up I beheld two Spirits, one at my right hand and the other at my left;—he at the left bade me destroy all my idols, and begin by casting the Bible into the fire;—the other Spirit dissuaded me, but I obeyed the first, and threw the book into the flames. My wife immediately snatched it out, and was going to expostulate, when I

threw it in again and held her fast until it was entirely consumed:—then filled with the determination to persevere, I flew out of the house, and seizing an axe which lay by the door, with a few strokes demolished my sleigh, and running to the stable killed one of my horses—the other I struck, but with one spring he got clear of the stable.—My spirits now were high, and I hastened to the house to inform my wife of what I had done. She appeared terrified, and begged me to sit down; but the good angel whom I had obeyed stood by me and bade me go on, “You have more idols, (said he) look at your wife and children.” I hesitated not a moment, but rushed to the bed where my boys lay, and catching the eldest in my arms, I threw him with such violence against the wall, that he expired without a groan!—his brother was still asleep—I took him by the feet, and dashed his skull in pieces against the fire-place!—Then looking round, and perceiving that my wife and daughters were fled, I left the dead where they lay, and went in pursuit of the living, taking up the axe again.—A slight snow had fallen that evening, and by its light I descried my wife running towards her father's (who lived about half a mile off) encumbered with her babe; I ran after her, calling upon her to return, but she shrieked and fled faster, I therefore doubled my pace, and when I was within thirty yards of her, threw the axe at her, which hit her upon the hip!—the moment that she felt the blow she dropped the child, which I directly caught up, and threw against the log-fence—I did not hear it cry—I only heard the lamentations of my wife, of whom I had now lost sight; but the blood gushed so copiously from her wound that it formed a distinct path along the snow. We were now within sight of her father's house, but from what cause I cannot tell, she took an opposite course, and after running across an open field several times, she again stopped at her own door; I now came up with her—my heart bled to see her distress, and all my natural feelings began to revive; I forgot my duty, so powerfully did her moanings and pleadings affect me, “Come then, my love (said I) we have one child left, let us be thankful for that—what is done is right—we must not repine, come let me embrace you—let me know that you do indeed love me.” She encircled me in her trembling arms, and pressed her quivering lips to my cheek.—A voice behind me, said, “This is also an idol!”—I broke from her instantly, and wrenching a stake from the garden fence, with one stroke levelled her to the earth! and lest she should only be stunned, and might, perhaps, recover again, I repeated my blows, till I could not distinguish one feature of her face!!! I now went to look after my last sublunary treasure, but after calling several times without receiving any answer, I returned to the house again; and in the way back picked up the babe and laid it on my wife's bosom.—I then stood musing a minute—during which interval I thought I heard the suppressed sobbings of some one near the barn, I approached it in silence, and beheld my daughter Rebecca endeavouring to conceal herself among the hay-stacks.—

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION.
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 14.)

"ALAS! Paleski," I exclaimed, after a long pause, "how dreadfully have you opened my eyes!"

"Compose yourself, my Lord, I am sensible that my time is very precious, and I have to reveal to you a great deal more. The Count acted the part of the ghost, which he could do with sanguine hopes of success, as he resembles his deceased brother in a striking manner. He covered his body with a doe skin, which as well as his face, was painted of a corpse-like colour. A sponge filled with a red mixture was concealed betwixt his body and the doe skin, which had five incisions. As soon as the clock struck twelve, and the lights were extinguished, the moveable cone was drawn down into the lower apartment, the Count got through the aperture by means of a ladder, and the cone snapped again in its former place, as soon as the ladder was removed. The shroud in which the Count was wrapped had been rubbed with a spirit that diffused a corpse-like smell through the apartment. Whenever the Count gave a signal, a flash of lightning illuminated the apartment, and you saw the pretended ghost, who addressed the Countess in a solemn serious manner. The red colour penetrated through the incisions of the doe skin as often as the Count pressed the sponge.—Having finished his part, he stepped back upon the moveable cone, and sunk down into the lower apartment."

"Unheard of fraud!" I exclaimed, "so simple, and yet so impenetrable—But, Paleski, can you explain how the lightning and thunder, which was so extremely natural, was effected?"

"Both were produced by two men in the apartment over your head. One shook a large round copper plate which the *Unknown* had found in the secret chamber, and caused the thundering noise by its vibrations. The other was standing at a window, and produced the lightning by directing the light of a magic lanthorn in such a manner that it was received by a large mirror which was suspended opposite to the window of the apartment where the ghost appeared, in such a manner that it reflected the light into the room, and illuminated the ghost, who stood in a straight line with the window. The trembling motion in which the mirror was put, gave the illumination the appearance of flashes of lightning, which disappeared as often as the shutter of the lanthorn was let down."

"But how did it happen that I did not observe the mirror when I looked out of the window?"

"It was fastened to the branches of an opposite tree, while you were at supper; however the darkness of the night, the distance of the tree, and the black cloth with which it had been covered till twelve o'clock, had rendered it invisible. Your servant, from whom we carefully concealed our proceedings, had been removed to a

"distant apartment, where he was amused by a game of cards till midnight had set in."

"But why did the *Unknown* not endeavour to gain him over to his party?"

"We had really been charged by him to attempt it, however he displayed so much fidelity and unshaken attachment to you, that we found it prudent to drop the attempt."

The confirmation of the good opinion which I always had entertained of Pietro's fidelity, gave me so much the more pleasure, because I saw myself so dreadfully mistaken in my opinion of the Count and the *Unknown*.

"I do not know," Paleski continued, "whether the success of the whole design is to be ascribed to the Count or the *Unknown*, the former of whom had taken upon himself the execution, and the latter the regulation and direction of the plot. All of us were engaged at the successful execution of that undertaking; however consternation soon stepped in the room of joy, when we perceived the fatal effect which that juggling farce produced on the health of the Countess, and we should certainly have betrayed the whole cheat, if the immense presents which the *Unknown* distributed, and his solemn declaration that he would restore the health of the Countess had not silenced us."

"Was the illness of Amelia really so dangerous as I have been told by my servant?"

"The accounts we gave him were very much exaggerated by the direction of the *Unknown*, who persuaded us, that if you had a sincere love for our lady, it would increase with the danger of losing her. When we asked him on your departure, for what reason he did not oppose it, if he really designed to promote your and her ladyship's happiness: he replied, 'Your notions of love are very erroneous, if you cannot see my drift. The spark which glimmers in their bosoms, must be blown up into a blazing flame, by obstacles and difficulties; a forcible separation of two loving hearts, unites them more firmly.'—Even the fictitious account which I gave you of the death of the Countess was written by the desire of the *Unknown*; for he pretended to try the strength of your love, by observing the effect which it would produce upon your heart. The intelligence which I gave you of the pretended miraculous restoration of the Countess was forged, with the design to obliterate the impression of the former, and to give you at the same time a high notion of the power of the *Unknown*."

"But, certainly, you did not write that letter by his direction?"

"Yes, my Lord, I did."

"And your recantation in the wood near ****n?"

"Was a new cheat."

I gazed at him with astonishment.

"You will recollect, my Lord, that I told you the *Unknown*, had given up all hope of seducing your servant; and yet he stood in need of a man who enjoyed your confidence, in order to be informed by him of all your actions, wishes and sentiments, and to govern you at his pleasure, by his assistance, without your perceiving it. The Count offered to attempt to get acquainted with

"you. In order to deceive the keen-sightedness of your tutor, who was a principal obstacle to the execution of his designs, he pretended to join with him in his hatred against the *Unknown*, whom he declared to be an impostor, and thus made your governor believe that he was an unprejudiced honest man. For that very reason he persisted in his declaration, accepted your challenge, and produced the letter by which Amelia had informed him of the particulars of her recovery, and proved my letter to be a forgery. He even accused the *Unknown* of acting in concert with me, with the view to remove the most distant suspicion of being connected with either of us. The Count would certainly not have hazarded to push matters so far, if he had not foreseen that a scene like that which I acted in the wood near ****n would retrieve every thing, and clear the *Unknown* of the suspicion of having acted in concert with me. The event has proved that he had not been mistaken, and now he thought it seasonable to change the scene. Till then the Count had appeared to counteract him, though he had rendered him the most important services; but now, thinking to have gained a firm footing in your confidence, he began to declare openly for the *Unknown*. He could easily foresee what a seducing effect this seeming change of opinion would have upon you. For it was natural you should conceive the idea, that the unfavourable prejudice which the Count had manifested against the *Unknown*, had been conquered by the reality and greatness of his miracles; and supposing this, you could not but think to have an additional motive for yielding without reserve to the sublime notion of the power of the *Unknown*, which you till then frequently had entertained reluctantly. However the Count could not change his tone before the *Unknown* appeared justified, as well in his as in your opinion, if he would not expose himself to the danger of exciting your suspicion, and for that reason the farce in the wood near ****n was acted."

"I comprehend you!" said I, grinding my teeth with anger. "But what of the farce?"

"It was partly of my, and partly of the Count's invention. I had kept myself concealed in the wood of ****n, some days previous to that farce, and carefully consulted with the Count, what I should do and say in your presence. We fixed on purpose on an evening on which we had just reason to expect a thunder storm, in order to give the whole scene more solemnity. We chose an unfrequented, solitary spot of the wood, for the scene of action, where I disguised myself in the ruins of an old house, and awaited your arrival without being observed. I painted my face with a light yellow, and my feet with a red colour, and rushed from my ambush with loud screams, as soon as I saw you at a distance."

"You dropped senseless to the ground, and behaved like a maniac; what view had you by doing so?"

"I only wanted to strengthen the impression of my tale."

"You pretended to see the *Unknown*; was he really not far off, or did you only deceive me?"

"It was mere deception, for he was then many miles distant from ****n."

"But what you told me of the hermit was true? or was it also a preconcerted tale?"

He was prevented from returning an answer by a sudden fainting fit, which probably was the consequence of his having talked too much. I rang the bell for the nurse and retired with the intention of hearing the next morning the continuation of Palefski's confession. A nameless sensation thrilled my whole frame when I went home. I wished and dreaded to find the Count at our hotel, being enraptured at the idea of treating the unmasked impostor with that humiliating contempt which he so well deserved; but shuddering at the thirst for revenge which I felt in my bosom, and that animated me to take a satisfaction against which my good genius warned me. However, to my and his fortune, he was not at home. He had, as Pietro told me, taken some papers out of his trunk, during my absence and left the house suddenly. The evening and the night passed without his being returned, and he was not come back in the morning when I went to the hospital.

I entered Palefski's apartment, burning with impatience to hear his farther discoveries. But alas! he was on the brink of eternity, and died a few minutes after my arrival.

I would have given worlds if I could have prolonged the life of this man only for a few hours. His relation had thrown a light only over a part of my mysterious history, and a far greater part was still surrounded with impenetrable darkness. I have never been so sensible how much more painful half satisfied curiosity is, than utter ignorance or the most dreadful certainty. How much did I now repent that I had not interrogated Palefski the day before, on the fate of my tutor, Amelia's sentiments for me and her abode. The *Unknown* had indeed given me very flattering hopes, with regard to these dear people; however, what reliance could I have on the promises of an impostor? Entirely left to myself, I was obliged to leave it to some fortunate accident, or to his generosity, whether I ever should have the happiness of meeting them again? Frail hope! and yet it was my only support in my friendless, distressing situation, the only prop on which I could lean. Being in a world to which I was almost an utter stranger, without a friend or guide, surrounded with the invisible snares of two impostors, threatened by an uncertain and gloomy futurity, I readily gave myself up to the sweet ideas of possibility, in order to console myself for the melancholy reality.

Two days were now elapsed, and the Count was not yet returned, which confirmed my apprehensions that he had fled. A look at his trunk suggested a thought to me which I could not shake off; the consequence was that I opened it with a master-key, with an intention to search whether I could not find some papers, which would throw a light upon several dark parts of my history.

(To be continued.)

For the New-York WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATION.

BEING pretty much of a rambler, I occasionally fall into a variety of company; and as I am something of a moralist, I frequently make reflections on what I see.

In one of my late excursions, I happened in company with a young lady, lately from Wales; whom I found to be a very social person. She entertained me with an account of many circumstances relating to her own country; and withal expressed her disappointment with regard to the ideas she had entertained of the Americans. "I have," said she, "always heard them represented as the most humane, free, and agreeable people in the world; but on the contrary, find them quite the reverse: for since I came to this continent, I have not received a single visit from a young lady of my neighbourhood, or had the least attention paid me." I expressed no small disapprobation and surprise at this account: but at the same time was in no wise at a loss to discover the cause. I found her so very tenacious of the manners and customs of Wales, that she could not by any means persuade herself to recede from them; though very different from those of New-York. This is an error that most Europeans fall into. They are so possessed of the notion, that the inhabitants of America are an ignorant simple race of mortals, that they come over with a view of being received as instructors, and implicitly adhered to in all their peculiarities. But this hypothesis being far from true, they frequently give disgust by their magisterial deportment; and while they persist in these ideas render themselves ridiculous.

The foregoing observations led me to a more general reflection on the amazing force of tradition, and the narrow contracted principle of *bigotry*: which nothing, methought so justly represented, as a hungry man, sitting down to a sumptuous table, richly replenished with a variety of excellent dishes; who having tasted of one, and finding it agreeable, could not be persuaded there was another good one before him.

ETHICUS.

New-York, July 16, 1796.

WONDERFUL ACCOUNT OF A MAN-FISH.

AALEXANDER, of Alexandria, and above fifty other historians, have written an account of a man named Collas, whom they call the Fish Collas; this man had accustomed himself from his infancy to the frequenting of the sea, till at last he became an inhabitant thereof; and dwelt there with such obstinate delight, that he would not be persuaded from it; so that at length he became viscous and waterish, and continued in the sea the greatest part of his life; being sometimes hidden betwixt two waves like a fish, so that he could not be seen for five or six hours together, and would seldom come out in less than eight or ten days; but when he saw a ship he would sometimes go aboard, and live with the mariners for some time; and when tired he would throw himself overboard into the sea and be gone. He said that when he was on shore, he used to be troubled with a pain in his stomach, which he had not when in the water.

For the New-York WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is requisite to keep up the relish of life, and procure us that affection and esteem which every man who has a sense of it must desire. The established maxims of politeness are little less than good-nature, polished and beautified by art; they teach a person to behave with deference towards every body, in all the common incidents of society; and particularly so whenever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable peculiarity in him. Thus, old men know their infirmities, and naturally dread contempt from the young; hence, well educated youths redouble the instances of respect towards their elders. Strangers and foreigners appear to be without protection; hence, in all polite companies, they receive the first marks of civility.

MOORISH GRATITUDE.

M. CHENIER, in the present state of Morocco, relates, that as the late Emperor was once passing the river Beth on horseback, at a place where it falls into the Seboo, he was in imminent danger of being drowned, when one of the negroes plunged into the stream, and saved his life, at the risque of his own. Having preserved his royal master, the slave shewed marks of exultation at his good fortune. But Sede Mahomet drawing his sabre, with one blow almost severed his head from his body: exclaiming "Here is an infidel, to suppose that God stood in need of his assistance to save a Shariff's life."—The same magnanimous despot being once slightly reproached by a French Consul for not performing a promise made him, answered, "Takest thou me for an infidel, that I must be the slave of my word—Know that it is in my power to say and unsay whatever and whenever I please."

THE FORGETFUL MAN.

A Gentleman in Angiers, who did not trust to his memory, and wrote down all he was to do, wrote in his pocket book—"Memorandum, that I must be married when I come to Tours."

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. GEORGE GAINES, to Miss ELIZABETH TAYLOR, both of this city.

EPI T A P H,
ON A VIOLENT SCOLD.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies ARABELLA YOUNG,
Who on the twenty-fourth of May,
BEGAN TO HOLD HER TONGUE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The following juvenile performances, were circulated in manuscript, during the late revolution, when the British Forces held possession of this city, in consequence of the improper resort to the walk in front of Trinity Church; if you think them worthy of being preserved in your amusing repository, they are at your service.

THE MALL.

THIS is the scene of gay resort,
Here vice and folly hold their court,
Here all the martial band parade,
To vanquish—some unguarded maid:
Here ambles many a dauntless chief,
Who can, O great beyond belief!
Who can, as sage historians say,
Defeat—whole battalions in array.

Heavens! shall a servile dastard train
The mansions of our dead prophane,
A herd of undistinguished things,
That shrink beneath the frown of kings!
Sons of the brave and virtuous band,
Who led fair freedom to this land,
Say, shall a lawless race presume
To violate the sacred tomb,
And calmly you the insult bear?
Even wildest rage were virtue here.
Shades of our sires, indignant rise,
Oh! arm, to vengeance arm the skies,
Oh! rise, for no degenerate son
Bids impious blood the guilt atone;
By thunder from th' etherial plains,
Avenge your own dishonour'd manes;
Bid guardian lightnings flash around,
And vindicate the hallowed ground.

MATILDA.

THE RECAPITULATION.

HAD I the muse of satire's warmest rage,
To brand the vices of an impious age,
To snatch the villain from his happiest lot,
In calm oblivion to remain forgot,
Give modest merit to a nobler fate,
And doom the guilty to eternal hate:
How vain, how foolish, in these blameless times,
Th' unmeaning raving of satiric rhymes!

Auspicious muses grant your happier art,
With panegyric warm each grateful heart!
And foremost let the lank Pomposo stand,
To crush dissensions in a rising land,
And scatter thousands,—what tho' envy say
He gave his thousands in the eye of day,
He gains his just reward, applauses by't,
Nor in a scanty bushel hides his light.
Tell how the fair are now so wondrous kind,
Their love is boundless, free and unconfin'd,
To all their soft approving glances fly,
To all that are unknown to poverty.

Next sing the trim well-powder'd warriors course,
Recount the gorgeous trappings of his horse;

How the broad umbrage intercepts Sol's rays,
To shade his beauties from too fierce a blaze:
Far from the field, he, foe to re' can dare
The direr dangers of intemp'rate fare,
While day nor night his ardent labours close,
And the full cellar interdicts repose:

O'er hallowed ground no daring footsteps tread,
But sacred hold the mansions of the dead;
Its shades prophane'd no ruin'd temple mourns,
Nor ghosts bewail their violated urns.

Thus, while to praise my easy numbers roll,
And soft applauses soothe each raptured soul;
How will my name to distant ages shine,
And fame, though not unfashion'd truth, be mine,
How will full bloom my opening honours crown,
And give my deathless name to high renown.

MATILDA.

TO MATILDA.

MATILDA, stop thy course of virtuous rage,
And spare from satire this unthankful age
The world, while fashion dictates moral law,
While gold repairs where nature feels a flaw,
While nobler passions sink as time decays,
And love forgets its fears, and fame its praise,
The world unmov'd, will hear thy eloquence,
The diction flatter, but reject the sense.

R 1779.

New-York, 1779.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ELEGY,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY ON TRANSCRIBING FOR HER A
POEM ON THE DEATH OF TWO UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

IF o'er the lover's melancholy bier
Unbidden sorrow from thine eyes should flow,
Check not the tender sympathizing tear,
Nor blush to soften at another's woe.
Indulge the tender luxury of grief,
Melt at those pangs which nipp'd their springing bloom,
And (soon as flattering hope deny'd relief)
Consign'd them early victims to the tomb.
The heart insensible to woe like this,
Demands no caution to secure its ease,
Alike depriv'd of every social bliss,
No wit can warm it, and no beauty please.
Yet while the soft emotion is admir'd,
Thro' which thy virtues with mild radiance shine,
Forgive the pain thy danger has inspir'd.
The sigh—left Emma's fate should e'er be thine!
Ah! let it teach thee—nor be too secure—
That love, tho' virtuous, may thy peace destroy,
That death's dire dart may fix thy ruin sure,
And blast for ever all thy hopes of joy.
While this reflection dwells upon thy mind,
The wish truth dictates, sure thou wilt approve,
Long may thy heart its bliss in freedom find,
And dread the soft delusive power of love.

ELEGIOGRAPHUS.

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